

Hertz, Henrik  
King Renés Daughter

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# KING RENÉ'S DAUGHTER.

## A DANISH LYRICAL DRAMA.

BY HENDRIK HERTZ. TRANSLATED BY THEODORE MARTIN.

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### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING RENÉ, of Provence.

COUNT TRISTAN, of Vaudemont.

SIR GEOFFREY, of Orange.

SIR ALMERIK.

EBN JAHIA, a Moorish physician.

BERTRAND.

MARTHA, Bertrand's wife.

IOLANTHE, King René's daughter.

### SCENE I.

The scene lies in Provence, in a valley of Vaucluse. Time, the middle of the 15th century. COUNT TRISTAN, of Vaudemont, when nine years old, was betrothed by his father to IOLANTHE, daughter of KING RENÉ, she being but a one year's babe. The terms were made with Burgundy, upon the conclusion of a truce with the King.

The surroundings are: A garden of tropical luxuriance; at the end of the garden, a wall of rock overgrown with brushwood, and in it a door so covered with moss and stones that it is only perceptible when open. To the left stands a house of one story, covered with ivy and roses, its windows shaded by verandahs. In the distance are seen lofty mountains.

BERTRAND [*entering from the house*]. It was the bell! Some message from the King!

[*Crosses stage to rock, and opens concealed door. Returns with SIR ALMERIK, but keeps him standing at the entrance.*]

Sir Almerik! You here! Stand back!

Nay, not a step! No stranger enters here.

SIR ALMERIK.

I must, and will!

The King has sent me hither in his stead.

See here, this letter, and his royal ring.



BER. His ring? 'Tis so. A letter! By your leave. [*reads.*]  
 "Frankly confide in Almerik, and give him  
 Whatever information he desires."

This changes matters quite. Frown not, my lord;  
 For if you know the secret of this place,  
 Then you must know that prudence is my duty.

SIR AL. [*advancing with BERTRAND to front of stage.*]  
 I know the place's secret;  
 Yet all I see augments my wonderment;  
 A very paradise amid the waste!

MARTHA [*appearing at the door of the house.* Sir Almerik?  
 [*Takes the letter from BERTRAND.*]

'Tis the King's hand. What is your message, sir?

SIR AL. I was to say that in an hour the King  
 Would come with his physician, Ebn Jahia,  
 And you were to make sure—these were his words—  
 That all things were prepared as he ordered.

BER. 'Tis well! 'tis well!  
 The King may trust to us. Some hours ago  
 Was Ebn Jahia here. And yet, Sir Knight,  
 His Majesty imparted nothing more?

SIR AL. From his letter you may gather how  
 The King desires that from your lips I learn  
 What things soe'er 'tis needful I should know.

BER. You oft, no doubt, have heard of the dispute  
 About Lorraine, that raged so long between  
 Our King and Vaudemont?

SIR AL. I know it well.  
 Yet is that ancient quarrel now forgot,  
 The terms of peace, by Burgundy arranged,  
 Secure—as rumor gives the story out—  
 King René's daughter's hand in marriage to  
 The son of Count Antonio Vaudemont.

BER. 'Twas even as you say; but, good Sir Knight,  
 The compact scarce was settled, when, by fire,

The palace was consumed at dead of night,  
And Iolanthe—then a one year's babe—  
Had all but perished in the flames. To save  
Her life, one course, and one alone, was left.  
We from the chamber-window let her down,  
And caught her safe on cushions as she fell.  
Yet, or through fear or injury from the fall,  
Suffice to say the child had lost her sight.

MAR.                    Alas ! alas ! My lord,

Imagine our distress,—her sire's despair,  
The hope, that with her life was intertwined,  
Extinguished, for the Count Vaudemont  
Will never brook his son should have a blind girl  
For his mate.

SIR AL. But the King, what did he in this strait?

BER. At first he veiled

In studious silence that the child was blind ;  
But soon from Cordova he summoned hither  
The very famed physician, Ebn Jahia,  
Who came and tried all sorts of remedies ;  
With sagest counsel showed us how to rear her,  
And, last of all, he in the stars perused her horoscope.

MAR. And there found hope for us,

That Iolanthe should regain her sight  
When in her sixteenth year. That time is come.  
She has no thought that she is blind.

SIR AL.                      You surely jest!

With what intent has it been hid from her?  
Who willed it to be so?

MAR. We know not whether 'twas the King's resolve,  
Or whether Ebn Jahia so advised ;  
Yet I can easily explain the cause.  
A coronet shall one day deck her brow,  
And 'twas feared the consciousness of blindness  
Might take from her that clear cheerfulness,

*and then a listening attitude, with a slight motion of the hand as though she were feeling before her, betray the want of sight. Her eyes are open, but frequently bent downward, and with little motion in them.]*

IOLANTHE [*at the door*]. Martha! Bertrand!

TRIS. Ha! 'tis she!

Io. Sure, some one spoke! [*Advances.*] Who's there?

TRIS. A stranger, who

Implores forgiveness, that he rudely broke  
Your and this place's sanctified repose.

Io. Thou never hast been here;  
I do not know thy voice. Didst speak  
With Bertrand or with Martha on the way?

TRIS. I spoke with no one. Accident alone  
Hath led me hither; and with me a friend.

Io. You both are welcome. Will you not  
Go in with me? If you are weary, rest  
Upon some couch, and I will go and gather  
Fruit for you, some dates and grapes,  
Or any other fruit you will.

*[Retires, plucks fruit, and places in basket, which she has taken from table.]*

TRIS. Oh, what a lovely being! What dignity,  
What gracious gentleness in every feature,  
And her sweet voice!

GEOF. A wondrous voice, indeed,  
That fascinates the heart all unawares.  
Of noble birth she is, beyond all question;  
Yet some precaution cannot be amiss.

Io. [*rejoins them*]. Here, I have fruits; so, please you taste  
them.

I'll place them on the table.

GEOF. Beauteous lady,  
Already your presence hath so refreshed us,

That we feel impressed our entertainment comes  
From some most wealthy, ay, and noble house.  
There is but one question—pray you pardon it!—  
Which musing wonder forces from my lips :  
You live here from the world cut off, and none  
Of all the knights and ladies of Provence  
Your rare perfections e'er have heard or known ;  
What line so blest can claim you for its child,  
And who your father ?

Io.                      How! Not know my father?

That gives me wonder; for none e'er come here  
Who know not him. They call him Raymbaud.

GEORGE. Raymbaud? Raymbaud? Is he a knight, or warrior?  
Wears he a helm and shield, and golden spurs?  
What are his pursuits? And why are you  
Pent up here so close and lonely?

Io. That have I ne'er inquired. Lonely I am not;  
There you do much mistake. I never am alone.  
But wait and I will summon Bertrand. [*Exit.*]

GEOF. Now 'twill be seen who is this valley's lord.  
I will but wait till some one comes, and then  
Betake me straightway to the mountain pass;  
Should aught appear amiss, I will return  
Upon the moment. Do you hear, Tristan?

TRIS. Ay, ay! Go, go! There! My head's confused;  
I almost think this tranquil valley is  
That goal for which I've panted all my days.

GEOFF. I prithee, friend,  
 Remember that King René waits for you.

TRIS. What is King René or his hopes to me?  
Shall I, in my youth's holiday, be chained  
To his daughter,—to a girl whom no one knows,  
Whom no one e'er hath seen,—whilst I——

GEOF.                      You rave!  
Stifle this feverish passion in your breast.

Hush! Hush! Some one approaches.

[IOLANTHE returns.]

Io. Alas! they are all gone, and no one came  
In answer to my call. They have gone forth,  
I warrant, to the vintage. I, too, at times, go  
With them. But when not, there is some one with me.

GEOF. [to TRISTAN]. You stay here while I go watch the pass.

[Exit bowing to IOLANTHE, who does not return the salutation.]

Io. [listening]. Goes thy friend hence?

TRIS. He will return anon. Your pardon now;  
Let me atone a fault. As you lay sleeping,  
From your breast I took an ornament. 'Tis here!

[Gives her amulet.]

Io. Where? Where? An ornament, and mine?  
It is not mine; but I will ask of Martha. [Lays amulet on table.]

TRIS. In its stead

Pray give me one of yonder blushing roses,  
That rear their petals fairest 'mongst all the flowers.

Io. A rose? Oh, willingly! [Plucks and gives him a white rose.]

TRIS. Ah, it is white!

Give me the red one [pointing]—one of these.

Io. Take it thyself.

TRIS. No; let me keep the rose  
Which thou hast chosen. I do applaud thy choice.  
Give me another rose—a white one, too;  
Then with the twin flowers will I deck my cap,  
And wear them as thy colors evermore.

Io. [plucks and gives him a red rose]. Here is a rose;  
meanest thou one like this?

TRIS. [starts]. I asked thee for a white rose. [Aside.]  
What thought comes over me? [Aloud.]



Nay, then, tell me [*holds up the two roses along with another which he has himself gathered.*]

How many roses have I in my hand?

[*IOLANTHE stretches out her hand toward them.*]

TRIS. Nay, tell me without touching. [*Aside.*]

Alas, she is blind! [*Aloud and with a faltering voice.*]

Nay, I am sure you know.

Io. No, you mistake.

If I would know how anything is shaped,

I must touch it first. Is not this clear?

TRIS. [*confused*]. Yes, you're right. But there are certain things

Which we distinguish by their hues alone,  
As various kinds of flowers, and various stuffs.

Io. Is it so hard, then, to distinguish flowers?

Are not the roses round and soft and fine?

Are gilliflowers like roses? No; their scent

Bedizzies the senses as does the wine;

And then a cactus—are its arrowy points

Not stinging like the wind when frosts are keen?

TRIS. [*aside*]. Amazement! [*Aloud.*] Have they never told thee, then,

That objects, things, can be distinguished, though  
Placed at a distance, with the aid of sight?

Io. At distance? Yes! I, by his twittering, know

The little bird that sits upon the roof,

And, in like fashion, all men by their voice.

The sprightly steed whereon I daily ride,

I know him in the distance by his pace

And by his neigh. Yet,—with the help of sight?

They told me not of that. Canst teach me, then,

Its use and purpose?

TRIS.

Thou hast surely learned

That of thy lovely frame there is no part

Without its purposes, or without its use.  
 Thy hand and fingers serve to grasp at much ;  
 Thy foot, so tiny as it is, with ease  
 Transports thee wheresoe'er thy wishes point ;  
 The sound of words, the tone doth pierce the soul  
 Through the ear's small and tortuous avenues ;  
 The stream of language gushes from the lips ;  
 Within thy breast abides the delicate breath ;  
 Then tell me to what end dost thou suppose  
 Omnipotence hath gifted thee with eyes ?

Io. [*touches her eyes, then muses, a little*].

My eyes ! my eyes ! 'Tis easy to perceive ;  
 At eve, when I am weary, slumber first  
 Droops heavy on my eyes, and thence it spreads  
 O'er all my body, with no thought of mine.  
 Once, when my father was detained from home,  
 I wept for very gladness when he came.  
 They never ask me, unto what avail  
 Omnipotence hath gifted me with eyes.

TRIS.

Oh, forgive me !

Thou hast no need of that which by the light  
 We through the eye discern. If thou be'st sprung  
 Of mortal men, O beautiful unknown !  
 Hear this my vow : No woman shall efface  
 The image thou has stamped upon my soul !

Io. [*after a pause*]. Thy words are laden with a wondrous  
 power,

So godlike, so enchanting ! Oh, speak on.

[*Enter GEOFFREY hurriedly.*]

GEOF. [*to TRISTAN*].

I see men at a distance coming hither.  
 Do not forget we are here alone.

TRIS. [*to IOLANTHE*]. Now, noble maiden, must I take my  
 leave.

I'll come again to-day ; I'll come again.

Wilt thou, with thy hand, mark how high I am,  
That when next we meet thou may'st distinguish me?

IO. What need of that?

I know that few resemble thee in height;  
Thy utterances come to me as from above,  
And thy voice is winning, full and gracious.  
Trust me, I'll know thee well. Thou'lt come again;  
Thou know'st I wait for thee.

TRIS. [*kneels and kisses her hand*]. Oh, never doubt I will  
come again,  
My heart impels me hither. Farewell!

[*Exit through concealed door, following GEOFFREY, who has  
retired during last speech.*]

IO. Hark! there he goes! Oh, hush! hush! hush!  
I hear it now no more. Yes; there again!  
But now—'tis gone!—Will he indeed return?  
If he should come but this one time! Oh; no, no, no!  
Did he not promise me, and pledge his vow?  
Already eve draws on. Ah, no! to-day  
He cannot come. Perhaps to-morrow, then?  
But now it is so lonely here.

SCENE III.

IOLANTHE, MARTHA, afterward KING RENÉ and EBN JAHIA, then SIR ALMERIK.

MARTHA [*enters and advances rapidly on seeing IOLANTHE*].  
Dear child! How came you thus awake, and here?

IOLANTHE. O-Markha, come to me! Here have been  
Strange guests! 'Twas such pity you had gone away.

MAR. You dream, my child. Strange guests! Whence and  
how?  
It cannot be!

IO. Whence did the strangers come?  
I asked not that; for you have charged me oft  
That I with questionings should not torment

Our visitors. I called on you, but yet  
You heard me not.

MAR. [*aside*]. Was it possible? [*Aloud.*] Say on, my child.

Io. Ah, Martha, none e're came to us before  
Like these two strangers—like, at least, to one.  
Knowledge had he of many, many things  
With—with the help of sight.

Dost thou know what he meant by this?

MAR. [*aside*]. Alas! alas! What am I doomed to hear?  
[*Aloud.*] But here comes the King, thy father.

[RENÉ *advances.*]

Io. [*falling on his neck*]. My own beloved father, art thou  
here?

RENÉ. Ay, and thy tutor, Ebn Jahia,  
Comes with me.

Io. He, too! Where is he? Let me give you welcome!

[EBN JAHIA *gives her his hand.*]

RENÉ [*aside to Martha*]. What has occurred?

MAR. Alas! I do not know.

She maintains some stranger has been here,  
And has spoken to her of her blindness.

RENÉ. Imprudent haste!

I did not mark to close the door behind me;  
But mayhap 'tis Heaven's decree. [*Beckons to EBN JAHIA.*]  
Ebn Jahia, hast thou heard?

EBN JAHIA. This accident was most fortunate, indeed.  
Yet what she heard is now but dark to her,  
I must require that she be fully told.

RENÉ [*approaches IOLANTHE*]. Lend me thine ear attentively,  
my child.

No longer may't be hidden that thy life  
Hath reached a climax that will task thy firmness.  
If unexpected sorrow wound thy soul,  
Wilt thou learn patiently to endure?



IO. Father, say on ! Sorrow will be less severe  
If from thy lips it come to me.

RENÉ. Then listen, Iolanthe.  
I know not what the stranger said to thee ;  
Yet I surmise he told that to thy soul  
There lacks one potent instrument to grasp  
The world that round thee lies ; and this is true,  
For what thou lackest is the gift of sight.

IO. Ev'n so ; and yet I understood him not.

RENÉ. Then learn from me. There is a certain power  
Which men do call the light. Through the eye  
It finds its way to us ; and we, by its power,  
Gain a true perception of the universe  
As it went forth from the Creator's hand.  
What thou till now hast been forced to guess  
The eye enables us to see with ease.  
[ *With emotion.* ] Early thine eye the power of vision lost,  
And all our care could scantily supply  
The loss ; all we could do was to ward  
From thee intrusive cares and hide  
Their bitter origin.

IO. Ah, father ! These are wondrous words, to me  
Incomprehensible. My Creator, have I  
Not recognized Him in the universe ?  
Hath not the roaring blast, the zephyr's breath,  
Hath not the warmth that circles everywhere,  
To nurture plants with blossoms and with fruits,  
Hath not stone, metal and the flowing streams,  
The choir of sweet birds' voices, taught me  
What our Creator with the world designed ?  
Even I am an expression of His will.  
Where'er I turn, in nature, or in speech  
Of others, in the depths of my own being,  
In thoughts that spring from thoughts, an endless chain

In all, to me the selfsame voice resounds,  
And of His glory loudly testifies.

RENÉ [*aside to EBN JAHIA*].

Ah, Ebn Jahia, this so lovely faith,  
We have destroyed it.

Io. Explain one thing to me ;  
I, with my eyes, it seems, should grasp the world.  
Yon stranger also spoke of this to me.  
What is it, then, to see ? Can I, O father,  
See his voice ? Can I see the sweet note  
Of the nightingale, whereon I oft have mused,  
And striven to follow away, away ?

RENÉ. O my dear child, each of thy questions fills  
My soul with agony. Yet, have I hope  
That yet thy sight may be restored to thee.  
Thy noble friend and tutor, Ebn Jahia,  
With his rare leech-craft hath been long preparing  
The favorable hour to test our hopes.  
Now is it come, my own, my darling child ;  
Confide in him. Go with him to the house.  
Martha shall wait upon thee. At the first  
Thou'lt sink into a slumber ; and from that,  
If so it be Heaven's gracious will—aroused—[*Stifled with emotion.*]

Io. Nay, do not fear ! What my sage kind master  
Has pondered well will prosper, I am sure.  
Then a forewarning tells me light will be  
Revealed to me to-day ; and I shall behold  
His face, whose voice is sweet remembrance.  
The light I go with bounding hope to meet.

[*Exit into house with MARTHA.*]

RENÉ [*to EBN JAHIA, who is about to follow*]. Stay, Ebn  
Jahia ! Canst understand all this ?  
Where is the stranger who intruded thus ?  
What mean these passion-laden words ?

EBN JA. Not easily explained  
 Is the full climax of a woman's mood;  
 Her thoughts are bent to rest upon this stranger.  
 Then 'twould seem that he controls her,  
 And I doubt a happy issue to my art.  
 And yet two desires may meet and may strive  
 To the one end with like intensity.

[*Exit into house.*]

RENÉ. Who could it be was here? Unless Bertrand  
 May chance to know——

[*Enter SIR ALMERIK through concealed door.*]

My Almerik! Thou here?

SIR AL. I bring a letter for my liege.

RENÉ [*breaks seal*]. It is from Tristan. What do I see?  
 He wishes to undo our solemn contract!

SIR AL. How? Undo the contract?  
 Matchless audacity!

RENÉ. Amazement! He admits him in the wrong,  
 And leaves me to dictate the amends;  
 Yet he repudiates my daughter's hand!  
 An evil portent this, I fear me much.  
 Yet I will not stoop to vain lamentings!  
 Who brought the letter?

SIR AL. One of Geoffrey's men,  
 Who said that Tristan now was lodged with him.

RENÉ. With Geoffrey? Well, there still, perchance, is hope.  
 Perchance he may—but, yet—what noise is that?  
 The clash of arms resounding from the pass!

Out with your sword, Almerik!  
 They shall not flout King René unchastised.

[*Enter TRISTAN in complete armor.*]

TRIS. Give back! The force that sought to keep the pass  
 Has yielded to our arms. Do you surrender?

RENÉ. How now? What man art thou whose ruffian hands

With shock of arms doth desecrate this ground?  
Stand! or my wrath shall strike thee to the dust!

TRIS. Husband thy words, old man! I have no fear.  
I do believe this place is in the thrall  
Of some unholy and malignant power.  
If that thou be'st a sorcerer, and dost hope  
For aid from magic spells, despair thy charm;  
For know this sword is consecrated  
To quell thee, as St. George the dragon quelled.

RENÉ. Deluded man! What motive brings thee here?

TRIS. Reply to me! Art thou this valley's lord?

RENÉ. I am this valley's lord. But who art thou?

[*Enter GEOFFREY with his train.*]

GEOF. What do I see? King René! [*kneels*] noble King!

TRIS. What's here? King René!

RENÉ. Geoffrey, thou in league  
With one thy monarch's foe?

GEOF. Your pardon;  
He posted on before; I came too late.

RENÉ [*to TRISTAN*]. Yet tell me, who art thou?

TRIS. My name is Tristan,  
Of Vaudemont; a name you well do know.

RENÉ. How? Tristan? And so 'twas you, belike,  
As I conclude, were here to-day already?

TRIS. Yes, my liege;  
Chance, not presumption, led me to this place.  
I did not dream that you were ruler here.

RENÉ. But say, what motive brings you back again?

TRIS. Within this blooming vale,  
Where all is marvelous, there lives concealed,  
And its most foremost wonder, a fair girl,  
Whose praise not all Provence's troubadours  
Could chant in measures equal to her worth.

RENÉ. And this fair girl, you say. Continue, sir.



TRIS. Upon my soul such impress deep hath wrought,  
That I am bound her slave forevermore.

RENÉ. And know you who she is?

TRIS. No. Yet there's proof

Upon her countenance and in her words,  
Of high degree and inborn nobleness.

RENÉ. Know, then, that this fair girl,  
To whom nature hath been so bountiful,  
Save that she hath left one flaw,  
Is my daughter; the same whom you,  
As this your letter bears, can in nowise  
Consent to take for your bride; that you were content  
To quit your claims forever to Lorraine,  
But to 'scape from her.

TRIS. My liege,  
Thou wilt not mock me with so wild a joy!  
But why has she shut up within this vale?

RENÉ. Of that anon.  
You are come at a momentous crisis.  
Iolanthe, perchance, even while we talk,  
Sinks into darkest night forevermore,  
Or wakes to taste the glorious light of day.  
You are aware that she is blind?

TRIS. Ay, yet at her feet gladly would I lay  
The golden circlet of my earldom down.

RENÉ. This very hour  
Has the physician, Ebn Jahia, chosen  
To see, if possibly—[*approaches house*] But hush! methinks  
There is a stir within. Keep silence all!  
She speaks! Oh, Tristan, hear! Iolanthe speaks!  
Ah, are these sounds of pleasure or of wail  
That murmur o'er my darling angel's lips?  
But some one comes.

## SCENE IV.

To the others enter BERTRAND, afterward MARTHA, IOLANTHE and EBN JAHIA.

RENÉ [*to BERTRAND who enters from the house*]. Quick, Bertrand! quick, and tell me

How goes on all within?

BERTRAND. Alas! I know not.

[*Enter MARTHA hastily.*]

MARTHA. She can see!

RENÉ. How, Martha—see?

MAR. Hush! hush! She's coming forth.

[*Enter EBN JAHIA, leading IOLANTHE by the hand. He beckons the others to retire.*]

Io. Where art thou leading me?

O God! where am I? Support me—oh, stand still!

I ne'er was here before—what shall I do

In this strange place? Oh, what is that?

Support me! It comes so close on me, it gives me pain.

EBN JAHIA. Iolanthe, calm thee. This is thy garden.

Io. My garden—mine! Alas! I know it not.

The plants are terrible to see—take care!

They're falling on us!

EBN JA. Cease your fears, my child.

The stately trees are the date-palms, whose leaves

And fruit to thee have been long known.

Io. Ah, no!

Indeed I know them not. [*Raises eyes toward sky.*]

This radiance, too,

That everywhere surrounds me—yon great vault

That arches there above us—oh, how high!—

What is it? Is it God? Is it His spirit,

Which, as you said, pervades the universe?

EBN JA. Yon radiance is the radiance of the light.

God is in it, like as He is in all.

Kneel down, my child, to God, and pray!

Io. Ah, teach me, then, to pray to Him as I ought.

[*Kneels and repeats after EBN JAHIA.*]

Mysterious Being, who to me hast spoken

When darkness veiled mine eyes, teach me to seek Thee

In Thy light's beams, that do illume this world!

Still, in the world, teach me to cling to Thee!

Yes, He hath heard me. He is the only one that speaks to me,

Invisible and kindly as before.

EBN JA. Arise! arise! my child, and look around.

Io. Say, what are these, that bear such noble forms?

EBN JA. Thou knowest them all.

Io. Ah, no; I can know nothing.

RENÉ [*approaches IOLANTHE*]. Look on me, Iolanthe—me, thy father!

Io. [*embraces him*]. My father! Oh, my father! Thou art my father!

I know thee, now—thy voice, thy clasping hand.

Stay here! Be my protector; be my guide!

I am so strange here in this world of light.

They've taken all that I possessed away—

All that in old time was thy daughter's joy.

RENÉ. I have culled out a guide for thee, my child.

Io. Whom meanest thou?

RENÉ [*points to TRISTAN*]. See, he stands expecting thee.

Io. The stranger yonder? Is he one of those

Bright cherubim thou once didst tell me of?

Is he the angel of light come down?

RENÉ. Thou knowest him—hast spoken with him. Think!

Io. With him? With him? [*Holds hands before eyes.*]

Father, I understand.

In yonder glorious form must surely dwell

The voice that late I heard—gentle, yet strong;

The one sole voice that lives in nature's sound.

[*To TRISTAN, who advances toward her.*]

Oh, but one word of what thou saidst before!

TRIS. Oh, sweet and gracious lady!

Io. List! oh, list!

With these dear words the light's benignant rays  
Found out a way to me; and these sweet words  
With my heart's warmth are intimately blent.

TRIS. [*embraces her*]. Iolanthe! Dearest!

RENÉ. Blessings on you both  
From God, whose wondrous works we all revere.

CURTAIN.





